

QUEEN DIDO:

OR,

THE TROJAN RAMBLERS.

COMIC EXTRAVAGANZA,

PERFORMED

At SADLER'S WELLS.

1792.

Harding D 192.

CHARATERS.

ÆNEAS	—	<i>Mr. Dighton.</i>
AGHATES	—	<i>Mr. Perry.</i>
PRINCE JARBAS	—	<i>Mr. Dubois.</i>
NEPTUNE	—	<i>Mr. Wordsworth.</i>

DIDO	—	<i>Mrs. Dighton.</i>
VENUS	—	<i>Mrs. Perry.</i>
ANNA	—	<i>Miss Keys.</i>



ARGUMENT.

THE story of Æneas and Dido is well known :
 —Æneas and his followers having embarked
 with the Trojan fleet, are overtaken by a vio-
 lent storm, which Eolus raises at the request of
 Juno,—but Venus petitioning Neptune in their
 favour, they are driven ashore on the coast of
 Carthage, and there, being met by Venus,
 are directed to the court of Queen Dido, where
 they are hospitably received.—Æneas and his
 suite, after gaining the affections of their enter-
 tainers, are by the express command of Jupi-
 ter, ordered to quit the Carthage shore,—and
 on their departure, the deserted Queen falls
 into a fit of violent grief, which at length giv-
 ing way to resentment, she accepts the hand
 of

of another princely suitor, whose offers had before been slighted.—

These circumstances aided by light music, songs, recitatives, &c. are familiarized into an extravaganza, merely intended to amuse the passing moment,—in the course of which occur the songs, duets, trios, and chorusses which follow.

CHORUS

CHORUS—*Of Winds.*

East, west, north, and south,
 Open each your boistrous mouth,
 Let the Trojan hopes be crost,
 Let their fleet be tempest tost,
 Growling,
 Howling,
 Hideous roar,
 And dash their gallies on the shore.

Veering squalls, and black tornados,
 Hurricanes from the Grenadoes,
 Whirlwinds from the southern sky,
 Plunge them low, then raise them high,
 Growling,
 Howling, &c.

AIR—*Venus.*

Dear Neptune I come in behalf of my boy,
 Say, why so severe on the son of Old Troy,
 Since Jupiter swore by the old river Styx,
 They shou'd not be murder'd by Dame Juno's tricks?
 But see on the briny wave, how they are tost,
 If you don't interfere—Oh!—they'll surely be lost;
 Be drove up, be drove down, be drove too and fro,
 O! save them, dear sir, or to pot they must go.

AIR.

RECIT.—*Medea.*

Spirits lend your aid once more,
Heard you not old age complain?

CHORUS.

Let Medea's magic power
Give us joyful youth again.

RECIT.—*Medea.*

Quick the mysterious kettle then prepare,
Let sorcery with skill profound
Throw magic spells around, around,
And shed her choicest influence there.

S O N G.

Behold, behold! the spell prepar'd,
With sorcery's benigneſt art,
Whoſe pow'r by feeble mortals ſhar'd
Shall renovating force impart.—
Come on then, ye who dread the grave,
And blindly ſhun old ages pain,
Here, take the puniſhment ye crave,
And live life's troubles o'er again.

CHORUS—*repeated.*

Let Medea's magic pow'r
Give us joyful youth again.

RECIT.

RECIT.—*Medea*,

Motley, new-born child of pleasure
Tripping thus in airy measure,
Glad thy frolic form I view,
Active thus, and thankful too ;
Magic favourite attend,
And prove thyself *Medea's* friend.—

In the dark mazes of a wood hard by,
Dwells a deform'd hag, with evil eye,
Who veil'd in shapes abhorr'd of human sight,
Thwarts all my projects with a venom'd spite,
And holding deadly mischief at her will,
Laughs at thy boasted pow'r and dares my skill,

This baneful hag shalt thou subdue,
Fearless then the task pursue ;
Take thy magic form'd anew,
And use it as thou wont'st to do.

S O N G.

Away, then, away,
Ever active and gay,
Away with a trip and a bound ;
Be prudence thy guide,
And no ill shall betide,
Tho' danger may threaten around.

RECIT.

Dido.

To have them I am willing,
Such fellows must be killing,

If they're not blind, I

They'll find us kind,

And fond as them of billing.

Fal, la, &c.

Both.

Such fellows must be killing,

We'll tip them our last shilling,

We'll pawn our cloaths,

To treat the beaux,

If they're but fond of billing.

Fal, la, la, &c.

VII. AIR—*Æneas.*

Æneas, I'm from Troy ma'am,

A wanton roaring boy ma'am,

Who once fed fat in clover,

Tho' now an outcast rover.

I on the night of Ilium's sack,

Fought my way with strokes thick,

My daddy riding 'stride my back,

I leather'd away with my oak stick,

I leather'd the Greeks with my oak stick,

Thrash'd the Greeks with my oak stick,

My daddy riding 'stride my back,

I leather'd away with my oak stick.

II.)

II.

And when the town was firing,
 And thousands lay expiring,
 When down fell church and steeple,
 I headed Troy's good people;
 My wife and son I took in hand,
 So march'd thro' blaze and smoke thick,
 Gain'd the gallies on the Strand,
 And leather'd away with my oak stick, &c.

Song and Chorus.

In Old England the punk,
 On raw gin will get drunk,
 Cold claret's the tippie of France,
 The stern Empress of Rufs,
 That magnanimus pufs,
 Bids bumpers of brandy advance

Brave boys.

Punch has four with its sweet,
 Champaign's on the fret,
 And brandy's a fiery potation;
 But strong, weak, sweet, and sour,
 In my goblet I pour,
 And mix'em with due combination,

Brave boys.

Tis the cup of delight,
 A composer at night,

In

It inspires us with frolic all day ;
There drink deep and defy,
All the storms of the sky,
For here's neither scoring nor pay,
Brave boys.

AIR—Dido.

No warning of the approaching flame,
Swiftly like sudden death it came,
Like travellers, by light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand graces more ;
And fancy blows into a flame,
The sparks that from your beauty came.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE—Dido and Anna.

Oh ! say cruel Trojans, say, how can you leave your love ?
Our sighings, vows, smilings, forget, and base traitors
prove,

What will you fly—what will you fly ? will you fly
perjur'd man ?

How cou'd you thus seduce, and our soft hearts trepan ?

Chorus of Women.

What will you fly, &c.

Æneas.

Æneas and Achates.

Great Jove has commanded, that longer we here don't stay,
So we must be jogging, who *serve* are bound to *obey*;
Come, come away, come, come away, Love must no
longer bind,
Now the tide swells the sea, brisk blows a prosperous wind.

Chorus of Sailors.

Come, come away, &c.

AIR—*Anna.*

He's gone a perjur'd swain,
No more I'll man believe,
Their love is false and vain,
Breath'd only to deceive.
I'll not figh,
Why should I?
Fie, Oh! fie,
Shall I cry?
If I do, I wish I may die.

II.

Maids when you're sued to love,
Dissemble as men do,
Since lads will traitors prove,
Why may not lasses too?

I'll not figh, &c.

FINALE.

(12)

FINALE.

Ring the bells of Carthage town, let mirth chime in ding
dong,

With a blythsome bound,
As the catch goes round,
And gaily chirp in the chearful song.

Dido now to the hall invites, where joy shall weicome
ev'ry guest,

Then come, come, come,
To live and laugh,
Since the wits agree that life's a jeff.

Merry merry be, the generous hearts, that thus our pas-
time share,

If the harmless joke,
Their smiles provoke,
There's an end of all our care.



FINIS.



